



The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND 'ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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OUR MASTER.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

Our Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee, who loves becomes
Therein to thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art,
Our noisy championship!
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
Thy joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
 The vaulted nave around,
 In vain the minster turret lift
 Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
 Thy inward altars raise;
 Its faith and hope thy canticles,
 And its obedience praise!

—John G. Whittier.

CONCERNING DEATH.

Death is waking up out of sleep.

Perhaps the morning sun rises and shines through the windows and finds you sleeping still, living in that world of dreams and shadows. There is a bright sky over you, and the green earth all around you, and the morning air is broken into whirls and eddies of song from a thousand birds, but you see and hear nothing of all this, for sleep has locked you fast in that land of dreams.

But by and by your senses unclosethe, the dream-world all vanishes, and lo! this other world of sky and earth, and woods and waters, is all given to your sight. How have you passed from that world of shadows into this real world of beauty and song? By going away somewhere? No, but by waking up. You open your eyes and pass from one world into another—not by travelling, but simply by the exercise of another set of faculties which have waked into consciousness. But you have not yet waked into the highest world. There is a brighter one yet, compared with which all this outward scene is a land of dreams and shadows. What you saw in your sleep compared with what you saw when you awoke, is as this world we now look upon compared with the one we shall see when death wakes us to a sight of its realities.

So friends, when they die, do not travel off into space to find the spiritual world. They have a sense within which simply wakes up to what before was all around and within them, though invisible. You have souls within you. These souls are the immortal and substantial part of you, though, alas! they are now comparatively asleep, and at best only dream and imagine what shall be hereafter. The soul is the real man, having its own class of faculties, though closed and locked in a mortal body. Death is simply the waking up of those faculties to the bright and embracing world of immortality.

And I do not know that death will be our last waking. I do not know but we may have deeper senses yet, which death now may not

touch and open. Perhaps we have ranges of faculties, one within another, each with its own world and modes of being, so that we may keep waking up, stage after stage, to brighter realms, for ever and ever away towards God, the central life and glory of all. I will not dogmatize; but who shall say that we may not to all eternity, at some of its stages, die to a more outward life and wake up to a more inward and real one? That after we have lived out the life of one world faithfully, a new one will open more brightly where there is a higher order of existence, and God reveals Himself in diviner splendor—arising from the successive waking up into an intenser life of faculties that sleep already within us?

In all that I have now said, I have considered myself as describing death as it is to good men and innocent children. I do not mean to say that it will wake every one immediately into a higher and brighter scene. But it will wake each one to see just the world he is already in and belongs to. It is a great mistake to think that God will raise men to heaven or send them to dismal abodes, merely because they die. Can we not grasp this great truth, that men go to a good world or a bad one before they die, and that death only touches them to wake them up, and show them where they are?

Here is a man who is sleeping in a pleasant garden, embowered in fragrant shades and blooming roses. Friends may be walking all around him, and watching his slumber, and birds of paradise may fling golden shadows over him from their wings. But he does not see all this. He is locked in this own world and only dreaming of it. He is asleep. Then by some friend comes and touches him and says, "Sleep no longer! wake to what is about you!" He does wake, and by that very act of waking becomes cognizant of all those pleasant things. He has not gone away somewhere to find them. He was among them before, and only waked up to see them. So it is with good men and good children. They are in heaven before they die in heart and spirit; with God and Christ and his angels, for these draw around the good man,—encamp round about him as the Psalmist says, and death only wakes him, that he may find himself among those sweet societies. Death comes to such as an angel friend—as if he would say as he touches them, "Sleep no more! wake up from those earth dreams to these blessed realities."

But again, there is a man asleep among scenery very different from this; in a sodden of wretchedness, among evil companions

and perhaps angry words grate on his sleeping ear. He, too, is shut in to his dream-world.

Where will he be when he awakes? Just where he had placed himself. Amid evil companions, and in wretched abodes. He has waked up amid just the society which he covets and loves, and to just such pleasures as he is fitted to enjoy. He has not travelled away to find them. He was there before. Bear away, then, this momentous truth, that good deeds and pure affections make heaven; yea, that by these you travel into it, and death merely opens your eyes to its scenery; that evil dispositions and evil passions make hell; yea, that by these you travel into it now, and death only opens your eyes to its scenery.

Our spiritual travelling is done before death. It is change of state, not change of place. What a blessed thought!—that we are not to cross streams and dark valleys to find the happy abodes and peaceful homes, but that we may wake to higher life and find ourselves among the shining ones, just as we wake out of a dream in the morning and find ourselves in our homes and families. But in order to do this, we must be of the same temper, spirit, and purpose. There is no such thing as *going* to heaven; but you may become heavenly-minded, and then death will wake you out of the more sluggish existence of earth, to the more visible realities of a heavenly world.

And how, you will ask, are we to become heavenly-minded? I have already implied how this may be. But to make it very plain, I present it in two points which you can remember and carry away.

First, we become heavenly-minded by living to make others happy. That includes almost the whole. The employments of heaven, as we read, consist in making others happy. That is what is meant by the word angel. It is a messenger, and a messenger of good, sent to bestow blessings. When we live to bless others we become like them, messengers of good. If the employments of earth only had this end in view, heaven would be brought down into all its affairs. If it is the aim and work of your life to be a blessing to others, you are living already the heavenly life, and you will be only more openly and visibly in heaven when death wakes you to its scenery and surroundings.

But we cannot make others happy except we are good ourselves. And we cannot be good ourselves except as God makes us so by our communings with Him, as He is revealed in his Christ, and thence seeks to form his own image both in men and in little children. I present in these two points the

pith and essence of a great many sermons and even whole libraries. Live to make others happy and heaven is already entered; and in order to this, "Seek Him who turneth the shadow of death into the morning."—*Edmund H. Sears.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Oh, mean may seem this house of clay,—
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!

O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emanuel!

Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

—*Thomas H. Gill.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. E. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Apply to Miss Eleanor Clarke, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass. "Sir Walter Raleigh—A drama in five acts," H. A. A. Cruso; "Selections in Poetry," "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," Lilian Whiting; "Hendrick Ibsen," biography by Hendrick Jaeger; "Mauprat," George Sand; "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet" (Rolf Edition Shakespeare); "Bible Stories" for Children (Old Testament); "Child's

Book of Religion," Frothingham; "Kindergarten at Home," Hillyer; "Outlines of Lessons in Botany," Part II. (Flower and Fruit), Jane H. Newell; "Advanced English Grammar," Prof. Kittredge of Harvard and Prof. Faelley of Simmons Colleges; "Plane Geometry," Wentworth; "French Grammar," Fraser & Squair's.

The Brookline (First Parish) Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. W. Suter, 116 Warren Street, Brookline, Mass. Music and Books about Music: "Music Study in Germany," Fay; "Popular Method of Sight-Singing," Damrosch; "Korolenko, the Blind Musician"; "Recent Music and Musicians," Moscheles; "Introductory Sight-Singing Melodies," Newton; "Robin Adair" (for the Guitar); "Standard Cantatas," Upton; "The Tone Masters, Bach and Beethoven," Barnard; "Beethoven," Wagner; "Life of Chopin," Liszt; "Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," Polk; "Letters of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy from 1833 to 1847"; "Letters of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy from Italy and Switzerland"; "Life of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," Lampodis; "Mozart," Rau; "Life of Franz Schubert," Austen. Novels: "Round the Red Lamp," Doyle; "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," Fowler; "Don John," Ingelow; "Ober Bemerton's," Lucas; "Hammersmith, His Harvard Days," Severance; "Experiment in Altruism," Sherwood. Plays: "A Rice Pudding"; "Just Like Percy"; "Considerable Courtship"; "Century Cyclopedia of Names." Miscellaneous: "Aurora Leigh," Mrs. Browning; "Black Sheep," Mackenzie; "Adventures in West Africa"; "Ruskin"; "Crown of Wild Olives"; "Sesame and Lilies"; "Story of the Volsungs and the Niblungs"; "Log Cabins, How to Build and Furnish Them," Wicks; "Petite Histoire de France," Duroy; "French Composition," Trandgent; "The Human Body," Martin; "Lessons in Elementary Physics," Stewart; "Complete Arithmetic," Wentworth; "New England Library of Genealogy and Personal History—Massachusetts." Magazines: *American Historical Review* (seven numbers), 1912-17; *Atlantic Monthly*, 1912, 1914-17; *Little Journeys to the Homes of Reformers, Great Lovers, Great Teachers, Great Scientists*; *Yale Review*, 1916.

Mrs. Charles H. Putnam, 2719 Summit Boulevard, Spokane, Washington, offers her *Christian Register* (preferably to some one living in the West).

REQUESTS.

1. I thank all those who have sent literature to me, also to my aunt Rebecca J. Carlton. I have been unable to write owing to my aunt's illness. She was stricken with paralysis several months ago and is entirely helpless. I shall be grateful for any books or magazines as I get very lonely, especially while watching with my aunt at night, and I am at home all the time. (Miss L. E. Carlton, R. 2, Box 42, Boomer, North Carolina.)

2. Mrs. H. L. Page, R. 3, Box 62, Pink Hill, North Carolina, will appreciate *Ladies' Home Journal*.

3. I should like so much to receive the *Woman's Home Companion* beginning with the January number 1918. Address Mrs. John Henderson, Sandidges, Virginia.

4. "Black Beauty" and "Maxims of Theodore Roosevelt" are asked for by Mrs. J. H. Crist, Schuyler, Virginia. ("Black Beauty" has been sent.)

5. Mrs. Anna B. Ross, Palmdale, Florida, asks for "Maxims of Theodore Roosevelt."

6. Work has given out here, necessitating another move. I wish it were possible for me to thank each and every one who has contributed to my cheer and I hope to be remembered (with my little girl) in our new location. I should like to receive a large-print Bible. Patchwork pieces will also be very acceptable. Please send *The Cheerful Letter* to my new address, as I am anxious not to miss a copy. Address Mrs. Joseph E. Broadaway, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 3.

7. I have a little boy ten years old who is very fond of reading. He is very anxious for "Robinson Crusoe." I should appreciate the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Mother's Magazine* for myself. Address Mrs. Bedford, 57 Lee Street, Mobile, Alabama.

8. I should be glad to receive any books or papers that will be helpful in my school of grammar-grade pupils. "Robinson Crusoe," "Black Beauty," and "Mother Goose Rhymes" will be greatly appreciated. Address Miss Eliza Higginbotham, Pera Virginia.

9. I am the mother of four children and would like any kind of good reading,—

Life of Christ, also good song-books—any kind—or magazine. The children would like pictures or story-books. I should be glad of scraps for patchwork. I belong to Brethren Church and would like a correspondent. Address Mrs. Samuel Via, Elamsville, Virginia.

10. I come asking for reading suitable for myself and husband, and cards for my little boy two years old. I should be glad of pieces of any kinds for my quilts. My health is very bad and my husband is away from home most of the time and I get so lonely. For reference I give Rev. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. Address Mrs. Samuel C. Wright, Dodson, Virginia.

11. While visiting a very dear friend I saw one of your *Cheerful Letters* and as I am in trouble (having lost my husband the 8th of last December, and nearly everything I had by fire), I am feeling very sad and lonely. I should be glad to have a correspondent, and should appreciate some good reading. My reference is Rev. Bill Hough, Norwood, R. F. D. 2, North Carolina. Address Victoria Crump.

12. It has been so long since I have received any reading-matter from the *Cheerful Letter* friends that I would now ask for a few books. The weather is so rough we have to stay at home most of the time and are able to go to school but little. I should like "Laddie," by Gene Stratton Porter; "Pollyanna the Glad," by Eleanor H. Porter; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; and "The Birth of a Nation," by Thomas Dixon. I should appreciate any of these books so much. Address Birtie L. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, Route 1, Box 10.

13. I thank all who have remembered me in any way. It is impossible for me to write to each one separately. All reading is appreciated, and I hope you will continue sending to me reading matter, also story-books and pictures for my small children. Address Mrs. R. M. Tyree, Concord Depot, Virginia.

14. *McCall's* for the current year is asked for by Mrs. J. Blake Monroe, Peachland, R. 1, North Carolina.

15. I joined the *Cheerful Letter* Society about two years ago and have received much help and comfort from its members. My home is eight miles from Bedford and quite a distance from church or school. I had

to give up school at thirteen and begin housekeeping. My dear mother was taken away from us then. We have our baby boy home now. He is a fine boy. My aunt took him when he was only a week old. Now he is three years old. There are six of us,—James, 18; Charlie, 12; Robert, 9; Mary, 7; the baby, and I. Four of us and father would be glad of suitable reading matter. And the little ones would enjoy picture-books and cards. We have no very near neighbors and get lonesome for letters and other mail. I should be glad if some people would send me *The Cheerful Letter*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, or *Youth's Companion* after they have read them. Address Miss Grace Lankford, Bedford, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

16. I should appreciate any books, papers, or cards to pass away the lonely hours. I am not going to school this winter and do not have much to read. I should especially like some quilt pieces and bits of ribbon. I am the only girl at home and it seems right lonesome at times. I enjoy reading *The Cheerful Letter* very much. Address Bessie D. Bradley, Sandidges, Virginia, R. 2, Box 33.

17. I should be very glad to receive the book "Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag," by Miss Alcott, or any good reading for young folks. Address Mrs. F. M. Todd, Manchester, Kansas.

18. It would please me much if some *Cheerful Letter* friend would send me "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." Frederick W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

19. Mrs. Arthur B. Wheless, Timmons-ville, South Carolina, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*.

20. Mrs. G. B. Deshao, Spencer, Virginia, R. D. 3, will be glad of suitable reading for boys and girls.

21. I thank every one who has remembered me by sending me letters, reading matter, or patchwork pieces, and I should still be glad to be remembered in the future. I am a widow, seventy-one years old. My children have all gone out into the world to seek their fortunes, all married but one, so I am practically alone and enjoy reading so much, but no more than I do sewing quilt pieces together. Address Mrs. Sarah Amanda Pedigo, Vinton, Virginia.

22. I shall be glad to get any books or papers, religious preferred, and any picture-books for my little grandchild, "Black Beauty," and "Robinson Crusoe," or any books or papers suitable for a little child. I should like to have some quilt scraps of any kind for pick-up work. I enjoy the sermons and other articles in *The Cheerful Letter*. We are near the United States Fort and can pass all to the soldiers after reading. Mrs. L. L. Wilson, 222 E avenue, Lawton, Oklahoma.

23. I should like to receive reading such as magazines, books, or any good reading matter. I have four little children and it keeps me in the house most of the time. I will promise to pass on to others. I should also like to have pieces for patchwork. Address Mrs. P. L. Robertson, Callaway, Virginia.

24. Mrs. W. J. Robertson, R. F. D. 5, Floyd, Virginia, would like to have something to read, such as magazines or books.

25. Mrs. Jessie Benton has moved from Wadesboro to Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 31, and will be glad of reading.

26. Mrs. D. E. Glidewell, Danville, Virginia, 500 Cliff Street, would be grateful for *St. Nicholas* for her daughter of thirteen, and picture-books for the boys of eight, six, and three. She appreciates what she has received.

27. Mrs. C. L. Jones, Kings Creek, North Carolina, would be pleased to receive a dictionary.

28. Mrs. Lessie B. Rea, Spencer, Virginia, R. D. 3, asks for *McCall's* or any good magazine.

29. Mrs. Jennie Agee, Spencer, Virginia, R. 1, will be glad of any reading.

30. This is my first letter to the Club. I am a little girl twelve years old and would be very glad to receive some good story-books. I should like to correspond with some one. I refer you to Rev. John Cline. Address Miss Minnie Funderburk, Ansonville, North Carolina.

31. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., R. F. D., would be grateful for any books on Theosophy, Mental Science, or New Thought; or any good magazines like *World's Work* or *Pearson's*. She is thankful for past favors,

32. Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, formerly of Baltimore, Maryland, has moved to Mont Alto, Pennsylvania, R. F. D., and writes: "We are living on the top of a mountain in the Blue Ridge chain of mountains. We are five miles from the village, railroad station, and main post-office. It is sparsely settled here and we have little or no social life. We are so fond of reading, and I have been wondering whether some of your readers would be willing to pass along their magazines each month when they have finished reading them. Our family of growing children would love to have some of the current magazines to read, and we would not mind if the numbers are a month or two old.

NOTICE.

The Central Committee is asking the Cheerful Letter Branches to make War Scrap Books for our boys who are in the hospitals. These should be bright and cheerful and made not too bulky.

Please notify or send to the secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE TEASING BROTHER.

Scene III.

LUCILLA. *Afterward* EDWARD.

A retired alley at the foot of the garden. Lucilla is walking to and fro with a disconsolate air.

Lucilla. I wonder whether my eyes look red. I don't want to have any body see that I have been crying. And somebody may come. I had hard work to get Jenny to go away without me. Ah! here comes somebody now. I'll hide behind these trees. Ah! no. It's cousin Edward. I am not afraid of cousin Edward. He never laughs at me at all.

Enter EDWARD.

Edward. Ah! Lucilla, dear, I am glad that I have found you.

Lucilla. You are bringing me Thomas's vessel to mend, and I am willing to mend it. I'll mend it right away. I've got my needle and thread in my pocket.

Edward. You are a dear good child, and you deserve a great deal better brother than Thomas is to you. Come, we'll sit down here on this bench.

[They sit down on the bench. Lucilla takes out her needle and thread, and begins to mend the sail.]

Thomas has been teasing and troubling you, I hear?

Lucilla. Yes. I suppose he only does it for fun, but it troubles me very much in-

lead. I have tried every possible way to stop him from doing it, but he won't stop.

Edward. How does he tease you? What does he say and do?

Lucilla. Why, he laughs at me because my cheeks are so red, and because I am so little, and at last I feel so bad about it that am ashamed to have any body see me.

Edward. I think it is disgraceful for him to do so, and I am going to give him a most terrible scolding for it. But perhaps my scolding will not do any good, and if he tries to tease you any more, you must not pay any attention to it.

Lucilla. But it troubles me so much. He says I look like a little fright.

Edward. He only says such things because he sees that they trouble you. If you don't pay any attention to them, and don't let them trouble you, he will soon give it up.

Lucilla. Do you think my cheeks are so very red?

Edward. No, your cheeks are very pretty, and you are very pretty altogether, and every body thinks so. Thomas knows that as well as every body, and he only says that he does to tease you and vex you.

Lucilla. I was afraid that what he said was true, and that wherever I went every body was secretly laughing at me, and that made me afraid to go any where or to see any body.

Edward. No, you may depend upon it that it is not so. It is exactly the contrary of that. And now I am going to tell you something that I should not have told you on any account if it had not been for this trouble. You know George Clinton?

Lucilla (timidly). I saw him once or twice when he was here on his vacation.

Edward. I was walking with him once, and we met you in the road—you and a number of other girls. You were walking along together, just beyond the great pine tree.

Lucilla. Yes, we were going a strawberrying.

Edward. Should you think that he was a good judge?

Lucilla. I should think he would be a good judge. At any rate, the girls all liked him very much indeed.

Edward. Well, as soon as you had gone, he asked me about you. He said you had one of the loveliest faces he ever saw, so kind and gentle in the expression of it, and yet so fresh and rosy. He said that you had a very pretty form too, and that he thought you were going to be one of the prettiest young ladies in the town.

Lucilla (turning away her face). I suppose he said that because I was your cousin.

Edward. No, he did not know that you were my cousin till afterward.

Lucilla. Well, at any rate, I am much obliged to him.

Edward. I would not have told you of what he said if it had not been for this trouble, as I should have been afraid that it would make you vain; but as it is, it will only reassure you and comfort you.

Lucilla. It does comfort me a great deal.

Edward. Well, now you have finished the sail, and you have done it very neatly indeed. I'll carry it back to Thomas; but you may depend upon it that I shall give him a great scolding.

Lucilla. But, Cousin Edward, I am afraid that if you scold him so, it will only make him angry, and then he will tease me all the more.

Edward. No, I won't scold him so as to make him feel angry. I'll scold him so as to make him feel good-natured.

Lucilla. Well, that will do very well.—

Orkney the Peacemaker, by Jacob Abbott.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BROWNIE-JUGS AND THE BROWNIE.

All through the winter months we might have seen our Brownie-jugs as large as hazelnuts neatly secured to various twigs in the thickets, but I have passed them until I could bring the reader face to face with the little potter that is responsible for them.

He has been hidden during the winter months and was to be known only by his work; but now he is out again, and will soon make his first jug after the pattern that his ancestors have handed down to him; for long before the human vase-maker fashioned his clay upon the wheel these little jugs were being turned out by *Eumenes fraterna*. Such is the name his historians have given him.

Jugs serve a variety of uses, but none of human fashioning is ever used for precisely such purposes as these of *Eumenes*, which serve as a receptacle for treasure, a larder, and a home as well.

I have seen many a jug catalogued in a bric-à-brac sale that did not have nearly so interesting a history as one of these clay pots of the vase-maker wasp. It is made of sand and yellow mud. When completed, the wasp lays an egg within it and then proceeds to pack it full of tiny green caterpillars, each of which she has paralyzed, though not killed, by a stab of her sting. The opening

of the vase is then plugged up with a mud cork. Presently the egg hatches into a little grub, that feeds for the rest of its days on the living store of food.

By the time the supply has run short, the grub has become a chrysalis, and soon pushes out the plug and appears a full-grown wasp, like its parent, and it will make as pretty a jug as the one it leaves the first time it tries.

William Hamilton Gibson, in Sharp Eyes.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

RED SNOW.

(Continued from last number.)

Now, she had not called the mountain God-deserted. That was his own disturbed idea; a confusion he had got into from what his mother had said. But how hard this was to explain! How painful to touch the chords of a subject which jarred so cruelly against the natural hopes and faith of a gentle heart!

How difficult also for one who had known the stern realities of sorrow, to "feel along" the more delicate "line" of an infant's dreamy griefs!

He was soothed by degrees, however, and after she left him, her thoughts soon wandered away from what she felt to be his fanciful troubles about the desolate mountain, to her own struggles with her desolate heart.

The next day was Sunday, and Siegfried was able to walk to the somewhat distant church, and even to repeat a few of the prayers, and listen, now and then, to bits of the sermon, when his mother thought there was something he could understand, and drew his attention to it.

But on this particular day there was no need for her to call his attention to the preacher; nay, had she been able, she would have been very glad to have prevented his hearing him at all. But how could he help hearing, when the pastor, addressing his flock, asked if there was a single one, young or old, among them, who had not gazed hundreds and hundreds of times at the giant mountain of their land—the snow-covered, inaccessible heights of Mont Blanc?

Siegfried and his mother looked at each other, and his heart leapt within him, to think that now, at last, he should hear something about his mysterious friend; and, clasping his mother's hand tightly in his own, he listened for every word.

But, alas! for what he heard. The pastor, after describing the mountain in all the magnificence of its size and form, painted it as being, nevertheless, the region of

hopeless desolation; the abode of everlasting lifelessness and despair. The dews fell upon it, the storms burst over it, equally in vain. Unmoved, it lifted up its gloomy crest to Heaven, as if defying its very Maker to touch the stony depths and bid the waters flow, or warm and soften them into life and gladness!

Siegfried was in tears, but what followed was still worse, for the pastor now called upon his congregation to consider whether there was not something in the moral world of which the insensible mountain was but the too faithful type? And then he answered himself, Yes!—the hardened human heart, the wicked natural heart, the Pharaoh-heart of the multitude, on which the sunshine of Divine Grace and the storms of Divine wrath were equally poured out in vain.

She, too, could have wept. In the material world she had but little interest, for she knew but little about it, and had not sufficiently considered the text which says that "God's mercy is over *all* His works;" not limited to one class of creatures, or even to one sort of life.

Feeling as she did, therefore, she entered into no discussion with her boy, but through the home evening contrived to divert his mind, by reading him pleasant stories of good people who had lived in favour with God, and had died full of hope and peace.

Nevertheless, Siegfried's last thought, as he fell asleep, was not of comfort and joy in the righteous, but of pity and almost love for all the wretched things for whom there seemed no hope.

The next day, his mother would fain have persuaded him to remain below in the valley, and seek some new amusement, but finding she could not reconcile him to the idea of forsaking his favourite haunt, she gave way, though with a sigh; and so, after his little daily tasks and helps to her were ended, he climbed up the heights as usual.

It was well that he had promised his mother to tease her no more about the matter. Otherwise, on that day, he would have made more fuss than ever, for, when the sun was at the highest, the rosy flush re-appeared on the distant snow, only not now confined to one small patch, but spread in broad tracts of delicate colour, which threatened to cover the whole mountain with its Aurora-like tint.

Once or twice Siegfried's resolution to keep his promise nearly gave way, but he held out manfully even to the last, contenting himself, on his return into the valley, with inquiring of a neighbour's son, whom he

et driving home his father's cattle, why some of the snow on the hills looked pink? At first the boy said he didn't know, but presently he recollected that he had heard said, that red snow fell sometimes out of the sky. Very likely that was it; but what was, or what became of it, he had no notion. Only it went away as it came. Nothing ever stopt on the hill but the snow that was ways there.

Hearing this, Siegfried had no longer even a wish to speak to his mother about it. She would say it was because the mountain was so cold and hard, no good thing, even from Heaven, could stay upon it!

And thus a day or two passed, and the tints of rosy colour grew fainter, and finally disappeared, as the farmer's son had said as always the case; and Siegfried never spoke about it again, but sat on the hill-side idly, wondering and dreaming to himself.

But he was interrupted at last. One morning, when the snow looked colder and whiter than ever against the blue sky, and he had been sitting for a while, with his face hidden by his hands, a voice he did not now recall to him, asking what he was doing. And when he lifted up his eyes, a stranger stood between him and Mont Blanc. A child always answers "Nothing" to such a question, for children never feel thinking to be doing anything.

But the stranger would not be so easily satisfied, and smiling, persisted in his inquiries.

"What are you thinking of then, little boy? One must be either doing or thinking while one is awake. And I want you to talk to me. I have come from such a long way off, and am so weary."

Here the stranger seated himself by Siegfried's side on the grass.

"First," continued he, "I want you to tell me, if you can, whether I can get to the town of —, through the pretty valley which is at the bottom of this hill? Then, I want you to tell me for whom you have packed this basket of flowers? Then, why are you on this wild hill-side alone? Then, what do you think about when you cover up your face with your hands? Now, then, can I get to the town through the valley?"

The voice that asked was so good-natured, and the smile on the stranger's face so kind, that Siegfried was won at once, and looking all at his new friend, and smiling himself, nodded assent to this first question.

"Does your nod always mean yes, little boy?" asked the stranger, amused.

Siegfried nodded again.

"Very good. Now we understand each

other. Will you answer my other questions?"

Siegfried gave another nod, and then they both laughed, and the stranger went on.

"For whom have you gathered the flowers?"

"For my mother."

"And why are you here alone?"

"To play."

"What, alone? Why?"

"I have nobody else to play with."

"And what is it you think of when you sit with your face covered up?"

Siegfried's heart melted within him, and, pointing by a sorrowful nod to the giant mountain, he answered, "I think of it."

"Of *it*? What can you find in *it* to think about?"

"I am so sorry for it!" cried little Siegfried, passionately; "so sorry it is so miserable and outcast, and that God will let nothing grow there, while we have all these flowers!"

And once more he tossed the flowers contemptuously out of the basket.

"Ah, little boy," said the stranger, putting his arm kindly around the child, and drawing himself nearer to him. "You must answer another question now. Who put such strange fancies into your head? Who told you this about the poor mountain?"

"They all say so," murmured Siegfried. "The pastor preached about it on Sunday, and mother says so, too, and the farmer's son, and everybody; and I am so sorry, so very sorry!"

The young voice died away, as it were, in regret.

"And why do you care so much about the mountain, little boy?"

Siegfried looked up, puzzled for a moment, but very soon out came the simple, child-like answer, "I look at it so much when I come up here to play."

It was the stranger's turn now to feel his eyes moisten, as he thought of the solitary child sending out his heart into the inanimate creation around him.

Extremely interested, therefore, he made a few more inquiries, and, by degrees, brought out a part, at any rate, of what Siegfried's mother and the pastor between them had told and taught of outcast countries and God-deserted men. All was confusion in the child's account, but the drift of it could easily be discovered.

Without making a single remark, however, the stranger smiled again, and said, quite cheerfully, "I will tell you a secret, little boy. Neither the pastor, nor your mother, nor the farmer's son, were ever up

the mountain, I suspect, so they cannot know very much about it."

"I wanted to go, but they would not let me," interposed Siegfried. "They said I was not able to get up."

"They said right," replied the stranger. "But I, you see, am older and stronger, and could go; and I have been."

Quietly as he purposely spoke, the effect of what he said was, as he expected, very great. Siegfried jumped up; then sat down; then once more started from his seat, and was far more anxious to run down the hill and tell his mother the news, than to remain quietly where he was, and hear what more the stranger had to tell. He allowed himself to be controlled, however, and his friend went on talking as if he had not been interrupted.

"And the place is neither lifeless nor deserted. God sends it the beautiful red snow plant instead of flowers. I have been gathering it for days."

As he spoke, he unfastened from the leathern strap that went across his shoulders a small tin box, and, opening it for a moment, let Siegfried peep at a bright carmine-coloured mass of something within.

The child was speechless at first, overpowered by admiration and delight, but presently exclaimed, "Then that was what I saw!" adding gently, "And it really came down from Heaven, then?" He was thinking of what the farmer's son had said.—*From "Parables from Nature," by Mrs. Gatty.*

(To be continued.)

FAILURES.

Many persons are bitterly conscious of a sense of failure. They move on because they cannot move back, but they are disheartened and discouraged. Every day is a fresh struggle; they rise to meet it as an ordeal.

This sense of failure may come from circumstances in which they are placed. They may have mapped out for themselves a life far different from that which they are living. In youth we see life in rosy colors. We point out to ourselves the path which we mean to travel. Some choose the quiet valley roads, others long for the mountain climb over the rocky footpaths. How often these elected paths are untrodden, and the very opposite path from that which we would have chosen is the one on which we find our feet.

The fault is not always ours; more than half the time it is fate which has led us on

our way. We cry out that our lives are failures. We are in the valley instead of the mountains. We may be so hampered by ill-health, the care of children or parents, household duties, or lack of money, that it seems to accomplish nothing. If we are caring for children or old people, we are really not failures. To make the lives of those happy who once cared for us is not failing if we set about it in the right way. To bring up boys and girls, to make plans in the world, is a high aim. It is the way we carry out such lives that matters.

Of us whose lives are full of ever-recurring duties, permitting of little variety, are many conscious of a dull sense of monotony, though those whose lives are full of change.

Ill-health may seem a necessary cause of failure, but some of the grandest lives are the most useful have been led by those who refused to allow ill-health to prevent a accomplishment.

Blindness did not prevent Milton from writing his masterpieces. We all know cases of men and women who spent years on the sick-beds, yet achieved what their health would never have accomplished. They had leisure and time to carry out their plans. I know one man who lay for months in darkness and later led a life of rare usefulness, far more helpful to others because "having suffered" he knew how to help those who suffered.

There are many windows which we cannot throw open, even if our lives are shut in. There are flowers to know and love, birds to make friends with, children to make happy. There is the window looking towards the country of books and there are people around us needing help and comfort. Nearly every one can steal away and sit at his favorite window.

One of the most beautiful sermons ever read was called "The window looking towards Jerusalem"; the memory of it is always been with me.

Resignation used to be considered a virtue but in my opinion it is a dangerous one only to be coveted when it is inevitable. Many lives have been spoiled by false hands.

A letter in an English paper suggested another line of escape. Germany, before the war, was the birthplace of stuffed animals for children. Some one started the idea in England and it has spread from town to town. One place makes a specialty of one sort of little animals, another makes a specialty of another kind. Some women make them in their homes, others have a meeting place where they work together. It has sug-

need for children and made work for many needy women and an interest for all. Yet some one thought out the plan and started the idea.

Just make up your mind that you will not be a failure. If you are free to lead your own life, try your hand at one thing after another until you find something for which you are fitted. Many persons have discovered latent talents in this way. Shut off from their chosen path, they have groped their way instinctively till they have found another. We are not all of us artists, authors, or musicians. Some can work with their hands, others with their heads; but there is very seldom an excuse for failure—prolonged failure. Nearly all can give something to the world, if they will spend their energies thinking what they can do instead of lamenting what they cannot do.—*A. B. Coolidge.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 15 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

METAMORPHOSES.

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change wood to coal in three moves. Answer: Wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change tack to nail in four moves.
2. Change tear to mend in four moves.
3. Change mean to kind in five moves.
4. Change bait to fish in four moves.
5. Change bird to mole in six moves.
6. Change land to lake in two moves.
7. Change hate to like in three moves.
8. Change rise to fall in six moves.

—*St. Nicholas.*

II.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the eleven sentences below appear as many words (one word in each sentence) which if found and written one below the other, the initials will spell the name of a holiday in April:—

The fire was near the park.
 "April showers bring Mayflowers."
 The wind destroyed the camp.
 The race was very close.

Easter was in March this year.
 The sale begins on Monday next.
 It is the third house from the square.
 The wind is from the south.
 John spent a very pleasant day with his sister.
 The air was heavy with smoke.
 It was the big sale of the year.

III.

HALF SQUARE.

1. A country of Europe.
2. Uneasiness of mind.
3. To ventilate.
4. A preposition.
5. A consonant.

IV.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. Definite article.
3. A country of South America.
4. A kind of large deer.
5. A vowel.

V.

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY.

A - A - E - O -. Commander of the Grecian forces against Troy.

- A - C - - S. God of wine.

C - - O. The muse of history.

- U - I - E -. The supreme god of the Romans.

M - N - R - A. The Roman goddess of reason, arts, and sciences.

P - R - H - N - P -. One of the three sirens.

- U - C - -. The god of fire.

Answers to puzzles in the March number.

I. BEHEADINGS: 1. Dinner—inner. 2. Scorn—corn. 3. Shades—hades. 4. Cleft—left. 5. Charm—harm. 6. Strain—train.

II. TWISTED BRANCHES OF THE ARMY: 1. Infantry. 2. Cavalry. 3. Field Artillery. 4. Coast Artillery. 5. Engineers. 6. Signal Corps. 7. Medical Corps. 8. Dental Corps. 9. Aviation. 10. Commissary.

III. SUBTRACTIONS: 1. Lash—ash. 2. Core—ore. 3. Don—on. 4. Mold—old. 5. Vice—ice.

IV. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Easter.

V. PI: The little birds twitter and cheep
 To their loves on the leafless
 larch:

But seven foot deep the snow-
 wreaths sleep,
 And the year hath not worn to
 March.

PLAY YOUR PART.

To-day is your day and mine;

The only day we have;

The day in which we play our part.

What our part may signify in the great world we may not understand,

But we are here to play it, and now is our time.—*David Starr Jordan.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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